

## NOTICES.

On April 24th, at Carr Hill, Rochdale, the wife of James Mebuhr Tod (*née* E. M. Garnier), of a son (Paul Barthold Mebuhr).

The next issue of the magazine will be December 15th. All communications must be sent to the editor by November 20th.—R. A. Pennethorne, Holmfield, Wadhurst.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The treasurer wishes it to be known that fifty-two students have not yet paid the subscriptions due in January. It is impossible to pay the current expenses of the Association—printing, postage, etc.—or undertake any new activities unless the income, small as it is, comes in regularly. Will those who have not yet paid kindly do so by November 1st, that this year's expenses may be met. Otherwise we may again be reluctantly compelled to call upon defaulters by name, which is always undesirable.

## ESPECIAL NOTICE.

All Students are reminded that this magazine is for private circulation only, and is not intended to be handed to others. The Principals and Vice-principals of the Association receive copies, and their kindly interest is a welcome stimulus, and we should be grateful sometimes to receive letters for publication from them of advice and guidance. No other persons, not being Students, should have access to what is intended to be a means of our free intercourse with each other, for mutual help and the continuance of friendly interest, but is in *no way* supposed to have a literary character, or to be a specimen of Students' powers and achievements.

## MORAL EDUCATION CONFERENCE.

By the great kindness of Mrs. Winkworth, London Students were enabled to be present at some of these meetings, and reports and comments on them will, we hope, be published in the December issue.

## STUDENT'S MEETINGS

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The next meeting will be held on Saturday, November 14th, at 13, Chilworth Street, at 3.30.

All Students are earnestly *begged* to attend without receiving separate invitations, as the programme for the Spring Conference must then be drawn up.

All students are asked to send a post-card *before* that date—*i.e.*, by November 4th, to the Editor, R. A. Pennethorne, to state whether they would wish the Conference to be held as before, over a whole week—*i.e.*, April 19th to 26th—or to be only for a week-end (when special railway tickets would be available). This is *most* important, as the wishes of the majority must be consulted, and *all* Students are requested to vote whether they are certain to be present at the Conference or no.

## THE LAST MEETING.

The October meeting was held by kind permission of Miss Faunce and Miss Evans, at 13, Chilworth Street, and seventeen subjects for discussion at the next Conference were enumerated. It was decided to hold the meeting to arrange for the consideration of these on November 7th.

Preliminary papers on subjects for discussion are asked for. These may be sent to the Editor at once or in December.

The following Students were present, many who had been expected being delayed by the failure of the electric current: Miss Faunce, Miss Parish, Miss Pennethorne, Miss V. Saunders, Miss Gray, Miss M. Franklin, Miss Macfarlane, Miss Davis, Miss Brooks, Miss H. Wix.

## SUBJECTS ALREADY PROPOSED FOR 1909 CONFERENCE.

1. The need of training for social work, and comprehension of the social question.
2. Musical training for unmusical children.



3. Number and quantity of subjects set in the Parents' Review School—possibility of a responsible committee to report on whether the Term's work were finished or no.
4. Should the children have to select their own books for historical reading, and submit a reading list as an examination subject?
5. The difficulties connected with dropping subjects, and then returning to them.
6. The value of quotations as examination questions.
7. Advantages and disadvantages of teaching reading phonetically.
8. The teaching of elementary arithmetic.
9. The best methods for spreading P.N.E.U. thought.
10. The business advice needed by young students.
11. The best methods of language-teaching.
12. The right method for taking lessons on Plutarch's lives.
13. How to use and organise good history charts.
14. Lessons on the following subjects:—
  - (a) Scotts Jones Latin Class II.
  - (b) A scouting expedition.
  - (c) Brush drawing of animals, I.
  - (d) Little French folk, II.
15. Suggestions for Sunday occupations.

## TRAVEL NOTES.

### THE ARRIVAL OF THE *CORINTHIA* IN CALCUTTA.

It was in the early morning that we heard a tap outside our cabin, and the stewardess's voice saying: "The pilot is coming on board, ladies; don't you want to see him?" We needed no second bidding, but scrambled out of bed and into any garments we could find, scampering on deck as fast as we could.

A filmy grey mist lay on everything, and the air had a chilly snap in it which was not unpleasant after the muggy heat of the last few days. In the distance we could see a dim red light proclaiming to the uninitiated the nearness of Diamond Harbour.

There was a heavy swell on, and the *Corinthia* rolled badly. Some people say it is her only fault, but we did not all agree on that point. A curious group had collected to watch the pilot arrive, dressed anyhow—each anxious to hide from the others the deficiencies in their toilet.

A good way off we could see, tossing on the rollers, a small boat which bore us towards the great man. Why a Hooghly pilot should be so surrounded by mystery I do not know. Perhaps the cold greyness of the morning lent a touch of something supernatural to his arrival. We watched the little craft get near, looking a mere cockle-shell. At last she was alongside, and the pilot prepared to board us. Simple though this looked, it was evidently no easy matter. We craned our necks forward. The boat rose high on the waves, and then sank low down till she seemed a mere speck. The pilot stood ready, the boat rose again—now was his time! No, he had missed! Our breath came back with nervous excitement.



One hysterical girl gave a frightened shriek which sounded hideous in the tense silence. Then the same suspense. Would he succeed or not? Once more the little boat rose, looking shadowy through the mist. With beating hearts we waited while he kept his eye on the rope ladder, lips parched; but alas, from them came only disappointed groans.

He had missed again!

We fell back from the taffrail to recover ourselves, and almost afraid to look any more. But our interest was too strong for us, and we leant right forward, eager as ever.

This time the pilot saw his opportunity. The thick rope hung high above him. The little boat came up on the waves. He flung himself at the ladder, caught it and held on tight, now clear of his cockle-shell, which had sunk again to the depths. He clambered up the side of the *Corinthia*, and we breathed freely when willing hands hauled him on board. A feeble cheer rose from our chilly throats, parched with our recent emotion.

Quite forgetting the unseemliness of our attire, we crowded together to discuss the pilot's achievement. "Is the Hooghly a very dangerous river?" asked one girl. The chief officer, who came up at this moment, heard her question. "We have to be careful, Miss Hatfield, because of the troublesome sand-banks. Have you ever heard of the famous 'James and Mary' sand-bank? It is half-way between Diamond Harbour and Calcutta. I expect most people have heard of it, for at the ebb or flow of the tide it is one of the most dangerous banks in the world. Once a ship gets caught, it is all up with her!"

We besieged him with questions about it. Had he ever seen a boat go down? "Yes," he said slowly, "I did once. It was some years ago, and was the most awful thing I have ever witnessed. I really can't talk about it."

We begged for more, but he only shook his head and strode off along the deck. As he passed me I thought his

face looked white and drawn, as if that terrible memory had been too much for him.

We retired to our cabins, but we could not get the "James and Mary" out of our heads. It was such a horrible idea to think of—suddenly disappearing for ever into nasty, clinging sands, with land so near to one on either side.

It was a welcome relief when the stewardess brought in our early tea. She was a cheery soul, and laughed heartily at our fears.

"Don't you worry, ladies," she said, consolingly; "the pilot is as safe as a church." We sincerely hoped so, but were very thankful when we heard the "James and Mary" had been safely negotiated, and there was nothing more to fear.

The *Corinthia* slowly steamed up the Hooghly, spreading on either side of her broad, oily waves. Everybody was greatly excited, for in a little over an hour's time we would get to Garden Reach, where the Government launch brought down from Calcutta anxious husbands, brothers, and fathers, all eager to meet their friends after the trying separation of the hot weather. We newcomers were all on deck ready for anything, having dressed ourselves in our best to make a good first impression.

On either side brilliant green fields stretched far away into the distance. A few scattered trees grew here and there. An occasional group of cattle came into view—such weird-looking creatures, with humps on their backs.

A seasoned Anglo-Indian turned to me, and waving his hand at the passing scenery said gravely, "You see, Miss Ferris, notwithstanding all you hear at home of the dry Indian grass, we manage to keep pretty fair lawns out here." I glanced at the emerald hue of the fields. "Yes, indeed, they are lovely. Why, I thought in India that everything was parched up and brown!"

"Quite a mistaken idea, as you see for yourself."



A suppressed snigger behind made me look at him suspiciously. He turned severely to some men close to us. "You fellows seem very much amused! I can't see anything very funny in trying to pass the time pleasantly for Miss Ferris by pointing out to her any objects of interest."

The men moved off with smiles; but my eyes were opened by this time, and I taxed him with "pulling my leg," as my brother vulgarly says.

His small eyes twinkled as he returned: "You are like those lawns of emerald hue, Miss Ferris! Of course they are only paddy fields, as the rice fields are called out here." And I joined in the general laugh against myself.

The water of the Hooghly is brown and dirty-looking, and perhaps the approach to Calcutta is as uninteresting as one could find anywhere. A fine drizzle was falling, and the sky looked dull and grey. It struck me as being most ridiculous that I should leave rainy Scotland only to find that the Far East could welcome me with such a "homely" vision. We who had seen the pilot board the ship wished to have a better view of this being in whose hands lay our very lives. He was on the bridge with the captain; but all we could see was the back of a fine, broad-shouldered man dressed in white linen. He turned his face towards us for a moment, but a big topee obscured everything but a big black beard. The doctor joined us, energetically asserting that the pilots on the Hooghly were the most conceited men he had ever met. "They think no end of themselves, the Lord only knows why; though, of course, piloting is a fine business, and pretty tricky at that. Still, he needn't have cut a chap because he is the ship's doctor!"

"So that is why you think he is conceited?" we said, teasingly.

There was a general cry that the Government launch was in sight. Everyone hustled forward, each of us hoping that our friends would be on board. We watched the white boat slip rapidly through the sluggish water. There were only

three or four men on her, and the crowd of passengers drew back disappointed. One pretty girl nervously glanced at a tall figure mounting the gangway. She turned a flushed face to me. "Oh, that's Tom. Do show him the way to my cabin;" and then she disappeared down the companion-way. I watched her husband intently scan the faces on deck, and saw his quick look of disappointment. I took pity on the poor man, and, going forward, led him off to the cabin where his young wife was waiting.

One lady with a toddling youngster of eighteen months bade the small thing "go and kiss his daddy." The mite, mistaking the direction, staggered up to a shy young man, and, embracing his knees, shouted lustily: "Dadda! dadda!" The unfortunate youth, who had come to meet his lady-love, and was to be married on the morrow, fled hastily. The launch gave an ugly shriek and was off again.

The passengers went down to lunch, for there was nearly an hour before we would arrive at the Calcutta jetty. The young wife, all burning blushes, which were exceedingly becoming, introduced her husband to me, and we discussed the voyage in a general way. The captain, glad that his great responsibility was over for a short time, came down to the saloon to snatch a few mouthfuls of food. Usually he was a rather quiet, reserved man, but to-day the general excitement had got into his blood, and he was as jolly as a boy home from school.

Then the real bustle began as we neared the jetty. All the baggage from the hold was being taken out, and the Fourth Officer, whose business this was, rushed about completely bewildered by the many sudden demands on his attention. We had already signed our "Declaration" papers, saying we had nothing "dutiabable," or else honestly "owning up," as the case might be.

The *Corinthia* came alongside the jetty, and we looked down on the sea of faces beneath us. It was a difficult thing to recognise one's friends, but most people had glasses, which



they turned brazenly on any face that seemed familiar. Some people pressed forward and shouted up to those on deck, drawing back with nervous laughs as they realised their somewhat inane remarks could be heard by all. It is difficult to be affectionate or confidential under these trying circumstances.

The gangway was lowered, and the people pushed their way on board. Then there were handshakings and embracings galore, even some tears, but the general impression was one of happiness. I was soon claimed by my brother and hurried off—(rather against my will; there were some quite nice people on board, and one likes to say good-bye to them)—to the *gharri* (carriage) he had waiting. As it was Sunday the streets were nearly deserted, and presented a very dreary appearance, but soon we were seated in our own rooms, drinking tea and forgetting everything in the joy of being together after a long separation.

*From "The Namoi Independent," Feb. 6th, 1908.*

### THE VICTORIA FALLS.

It is so difficult to write any of one's impressions of the Victoria Falls; the only thing one can do is to put down one or two thoughts. One wishes that Wordsworth, or Milton, or Ruskin, or one of our great poets and prose-writers could have seen it all. What appeals to one most is the mystical beauty, the sense of something behind, something one cannot see. At times one gazes into the mist and spray, and gradually out of it all appear shapes of wondrous beauty and perfect outline. As we gaze at these masses of rock, awestruck, silent, just as gradually they fade away again into the grey mist. It suggests many ideas. Often in life this happens; much beauty is behind, and yet a thin mist hides it from our eyes; but if with love and faith and patience we quietly go on watching we know it will appear again.

It is wonderful, at the bottom of the Palm Kloof (a long steep winding path which leads down to a bend in the river just below one part of the Falls), to watch the mid-stream racing past; the waves seem to be chasing each other. One can imagine Neptune and all his men and maidens resting on the bosom of the waters and being carried majestically along—carried whither? one wonders—carried into the kingdom of the water-sprites, where they will change their shapes and be clothed in clinging garments of grey, semi-transparent wreaths of spray and vapour.

And to think that all this has been going on for countless ages, further back than our thoughts can reach; that for generations the hand of Nature has been quietly, patiently working, day after day, summer and winter—and working for what purpose? Working so that we humans, we tiny pigmy mortals, should be awed, quieted, calmed, made reverent by the wonderful works of God.

L. LEES.